Campaspe,

Played beefore the
Queenes Maieſtie on
newyeares day at night, by
her Maieſties Children, and
the Children of Paules.

(.)

¶ *Imprinted at London*
for Thomas Cadman.
1584.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The Prologue at the Court.

VVEe are aſhamed that our birde, which fluttered by twilight ſeeming a ſwan, ſhould be proued a Batte ſet againſt the ſunne. But as *Iupiter* placed *Silenus* Aſſe among the ſtarres, and *Alcebiades* couered his pictures being Owles and Apes, with a courtaine embroidered with Lions and Eagles, ſo are we enforced vpon a rough diſcource to drawe on a ſmooth excuſe reſembling Lapidaries, who thinke to hide the cracke in a ſtone by fetting it deepe in golde. The Gods ſupped once with poore *Baucis*, the Perſian kings ſometimes ſhaued ſtickes, our hope is your heighneſſe wil at this time lend an eare to an idle paſtime. *Appion* raiſing *Homere* from hell, demanded onely who was his father, and we calling *Alexander* from his graue, ſeeke onely who was his loue. Whatſoeuer we preſent, we wiſh it may be thought the daunſing of *Agrippa* his ſhadowes, who in the moment they were ſeene, were of any ſhape one woulde conceiue: or *Lynces*, who hauing a quicke ſight to diſcerne, haue a ſhort memorie to forget. With vs it is like to fare, as with theſe torches, which giuing light to others, conſume themſelues, and wee ſhewing delight to others ſhame our ſelues.

The Prologue with Count.

WE feare shamed that our birde, which flewe-
red by twilight seeming a swan, should be
pointed a Raue for against the flame. But as Iupiter pla-
ced Ganimede among the starres, and decked him rone-
red his pictures being Owles and Apes, with a cour-
tine embroidered with Lions and Eagles, so we en-
forced vpon a rough diffource to draw on a smooth
excuse, resembling Lapidaries, who thinke to bide the
crackes in stones by fetting it deepe in golde. The Gods
impardoned were they that punished kings sonnes
transformed like vs, but hope, your high bountie at
this present in care to an idle pastime, will pardon
[illegible] who was his father,
and receiuing discourse from his grace, seeke onely
who was his sonne. Whatsoeuer we present, we wish it
may be thought the drawing of Cupids shadowes,
who in the moment they were seene, were of any part
one would conceiue: or Lynces, who hauing a quicke
sight to discerne, haue a short memorie to forget. Wish
wit is like to fire, as with thole torches, which giuing
light to others, consume themselues, and we hearing
delight to others flame our selues.

The Prologue at the blackfriers.

THey that feare the ſtinging of waſpes make fannes of peacokes tailes, whoſe ſpots are like eies. And *Lepidus*, which coulde not ſleepe for the chattinge of birdes, ſet vp a beaſte, whoſe head was like a dragon: and we which ſtande in awe of reporte, are compelled to ſette before our owle *Pallas* ſhield, thinking by her vertue to couer the others deformitie. It was a ſigne of famine to Aegypte, when *Nilus* flowed leſſe then twelue Cubites, or more then eighteene: and it may threaten diſpaire vnto vs, if we be leſſe curious then you looke for, or more comberſome. But as *Theſeus* being promiſed to be brought to an Eagles neaſt, and trauailing al the day, found but a wrenne in a hedg, yet ſaid, this is a bird: ſo we hope if the ſhower of our ſwelling mountaine ſeeme to bring foorth ſome Eliphant, perfourme but a mouſe, you will gently ſay, this is a beaſt? Baſill ſoftly touched, yeeldeth a ſweete ſent but chafed in the hand, a ranke ſauour. Wee feare euen ſo that our labours ſlylye glaunced on, will breede ſome content, but examined to the proofe, ſmall commendation. The haſte in performing ſhall be our excuſe. There went two nightes to the begetting of *Hercules*. Feathers appeare not on the Phoenex vnder ſeauen monethes, and the mulbery is twelue in budding, but our trauailes are like the Hares, who at one time bringeth foorth, nouriſheth, and engendreth againe, or like the broode of *Trochilus*, whoſe egges in the ſame mo-

ment that they are layd, become birdes. But howſoeuer we finiſh our worke, we craue pardō, if we offend in matter, and patience if we tranſgreſſe in manners. We haue mixed mirth with counſell, and diſcipline with delight, thinking it not a miſſe in the ſame garden to ſowe pot-hearbes, that we ſet flowers. But we hope, as Harts that caſt their hornes, Snakes their skinnes, Eagles their bils, become more freſh for any other labour: ſo our charge being ſhaken off, we ſhalbe fitte for greater matters. But leaſt like the *Mindyans*, we make our gates greater then our towne, and that our play runnes out at the preface, we here conclude: wiſhing that although there bee in your preciſe iudgementes an vniuerſall miſlike, yet wee maye enioy by your woonted curteſies a generall ſilēce.

Actus primus, Schæna prima.

Clytus, Parmenio, Timoclea, Campaspe, Alexander, Hephestion.

Clyt. PArmenio, I cannot tel whether I shuld more commend in *Alexanders* victories, courage, or curtesie, in the one being a resolution without feare, in the other a liberalitie aboue custõe: *Thebes* is rayſed the people not racked, towers throwne down, bodies not thurſt a side, a conqueſt without cõflict, and a cruell warre in a milde peace.

Parmenio. *Clytus*, it becommeth the ſonne of *Phillip* to be none other then *Alexander* is: therefore ſeeing in the father a ful perfection, who could haue doubted in the ſon an excellencie. For as the moone can borrow nothing els of the ſunne but light, ſo of a ſire, in whome nothing but vertue was, what coulde the childe receiue but ſingular? it is for *Turkies* to ſtaine each other, not for *Diamondes*, in the one too bee made a difference in goodnes, in the other no comparison.

Clytus You miſtake mee *Parmenio* if whileſt I commend *Alexander*, you imagine I call *Phillip* into queſtion, vnleſſe happely you coniecture (which none of iudgment will conceiue) that becauſe I like the fruit, therefore I heaue at the tree, or coueting to kiſſe the child, I therfore go about to poyſon the teat.

Parme. I but *Clytus* I perceiue you are borne in the East, and neuer laugh but at the ſunne riſing, which argueth though a duetie where you ought, yet no great deuotion where you might.

Clytus We will make no controuerſie of that which there ought to be no queſtion, onely this ſhal be the o-

pinion of vs both, that none was worthy to be the father of *Alexander* but *Philip*, nor any meete to bee the sonne of *Philip* but *Alexander*.

Parme. Soft *Clytus*, behold the spoiles & prisoners, a pleasaunt sight to vs because profit is ioyned with honour, not much paineful to them, because their captiuitie is eased by mercy.

Timo. Fortune thou didst neuer yet deceiue vertue, because vertue neuer yet did trust fortune. Sworde and fire will neuer get spoyle, where wisdome and fortitude beares sway. O *Thebes*, thy walles were raysed by the sweetnesse of the harpe, but raised by the shrilnes of the trumpet. *Alexander* had neuer come so neere the wals, had *Epaminondas* walkt about the walles, and yet might the *Thebanes* haue bene mery in their streetes, if he had beene to watch their towers. But distinie is seldome foreseene, neuer preuented. We are here now captiues, whose neckes are yoaked by force, but whose harts can not yeelde by death. Come *Campaspe* and the rest, let vs not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on whom wee feared not to cast our dartes.

Parme. Madame, you neede not doubt, it is *Alexander*, that is, the conquerour.

Timo. *Alex* hath ouercome, not conquered.

Parm. To bring al vnder his subiection is to cõquer.

Timo. He cannot subdue that which is diuine.

Parme. *Thebes* was not.

Timo. Vertue is.

Clytus. *Alexander* as he tendreth vertue, so he will you, he drinketh not bloud, but thirsteth after honor, he is greedy of victory, but neuer satisfied with mercie. In fight terrible, as becommeth a captaine, in conqueste milde, as beseemeth a king. In al things then which nothing can be greater he is *Alexander*.

Campas. Then if it be such a thing to be *Alexander* I hope it shalbe no miserable thing to be a virgin. For if he

he saue our honors, it is more thē to restore our goods. And rather doe I wish hee preserue our fame then our lyues, which if he do, wee will confesse there can be no greater thing then to be *Alexander*.

Alex. *Clytus*, are these prisoners? of whēce these spoiles?

Cly. Like your maiestie they are prisoners, & of *Thebes*.

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Cly. I know not but they seeme to be Ladies of honor.

Alex. I will know: Madam, of whence you are I know: but who I cannot tell.

Timo. *Alexander*, I am the sister of Theagenes, whoe fought a battle with thy father, before the Citie of *Chyeronie*, where he died, I say which nōe cā gainsay, valiātly.

Alex. Lady, there seeme in your wordes sparkes of your brothers deedes, but woorser fortune in your life then his death: but feare not, for you shall liue without violence, enemies, or necessitie, but what are you fayre Lady, an other sister to *Theagines*?

Campas. No sister to *Theagines*, but an humble handmaid to *Alexander*, borne of a meane parentage, but to extreame fortune.

Alex. Well Ladies, for so your vertues shew you, whatsoeuer your birthes be, you shalbe honourably entreated. *Athens* shalbe your *Thebes*, & you shal not be as abiectes of warre, but as subiectes to *Alexander*. *Parmenio*, conducte these honourable Ladies into the Citie: charge the souldiers not so much as in wordes to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supplyed so farre forth as shalbe necessary for such persons and my prisoners.

Exeunt Parme. & captiui.

Hephestion, it resteth now that we haue as great care to gouerne in peace, as conquer in warr: that whilest armes cease, Artes may flourish, and ioyning letters with launces we endeuor to be as good Philosophers as soldiers; knowing it no lesse praise to be wise, thē commendable tobe valiant.

Hephest. Your Maiestie therein sheweth that you haue as great desire to rule as to subdue, & needes must that common wealth be fortunate, whose Captaine is a Philosopher, & whose Philosopher is a Captaine.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Scæna secunda.

Manes, Granichus, Psyllus.

Manes. I serue in steede of a maister, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose boord is a bed.

Psyllus Then art thou in a state of life, which Philosophers commend. A crumme for thy supper, an hande for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheetes. For *Natura paucis contenta.*

Grani *Manes*, it is pittie so proper a man should be cast away vppon a Philosopher: but that *Diogenes* that dogge shuld haue *Manes*, that doggbolt, it greeueth nature and spiteth arte: the one hauing found thee so dissolute, absolute I would say, in body, the other so single singular in minde.

Manes Are you mery, it is a singne by the trip of your tongue, and the toyes of your head, that you haue done that to day, which I haue not done these three dayes.

Psyllus. Whats that?

Manes Dined.

Grani. I thinke *Diogenes* keepes but cold cheere.

Manes I would it were so, but hee keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Grani. What then, lukewarme? That made *Manes* runne from his maister last day.

Psyllus. *Manes* had reason: for his name foretolde as much.

Manes. My name? how so sir boy?

Pfyllus You know that it is called *Mons, à monendo*, because it standes still.

Manes Good.

Pfyllus And thou art named *Manes, à manendo*, because thou runst away.

Manes Passing reasons, I did not runne awaye, but retire.

Pfyllus To a prison, because thou woldest haue leasure to contemplate.

Manes I will proue that my body was immortall: because it was in prison.

Grani. As how?

Manes. Didde your maisters neuer teach you that the soule is immortall?

Grani. Yes.

Manes And the body is the prison of the soule.

Grani. True.

Manes Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it to prison.

Grani. Oh bad.

Pfyllus Excellent ill.

Manes You may see how dull a fasting wit is: therfore *Pfyllus* let vs goe to supper with *Granichus*: *Plato* is the best felow of al Phylosophers. Giue me him that reades in the morning in the schoole, and at noone in the kitchin.

Pfyl. And me.

Gran. Ah sirs, my maister is a king in his parlour for the body, and a God in his study for the soule. Among all his menne he commendeth one that is an excellent Musition, then stand I by, & clap another on the shoulder, and say, this is a passing good Cooke.

Manes It is well doone *Granichus*, forgiue me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the eare, I had rather fill my guttes, then my braines.

Pfyllus I serue *Apelles*, who feedeth mine as *Diogenes*

ers doth *Manes*, for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting: when I would eat meat, he paintes a spit, & whē I thirst, O saith he, is not this a faire pot, and pointes to a table, whiche cōteines the banquet of the Gods, where are many dishes to feede the eie, but not to fill the gut.

Grani. What dooſt thou then?

Pſyllus. This doeth hee then bring in many examples that some haue liued by sauours, & proueth that muche easier it is to fatte by colours, and telles of birdes that haue beene fatted by paynted grapes in winter: & how many haue so fed their eies with their mistresse picture, that they neuer desired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their sauours. Then doth he shew me counterfeites, such as haue surfeited with their filthy & lothsome vomits, and with the riotous Bacchanalles of the God *Bacchus*, & his disorderly crew, which are painted al to the life in his shop. To cōclude, I fare hardly, thogh I go richly, which maketh me when I should begin to shadow a Ladies face, to draw a Lambes head, & sometime to set to the body of a maide a shoulder of mutton: for *semper ieiunus mugi est in patinis.*

Manes. Thou art a God to me: for cold I see but a Cookes shop painted, I would make mine eyes fatte as butter. For I haue nought but sentences to fill my maw, as, *plures occidit crapula quàm gladius*: *musa ieiunantibus amica*: repletion killeth delicately: & an old saw of abstinence, *Socrates*: The belly is the heads greue. Thus with sayings not with meate he maketh a gallymafrey.

Grani. But how dooſt thou then liue?

Manes. With fine ieſts, sweet aire, & the dogs alines.

Grani. Wel for this time I wil stanch thy gut, and among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to serue *Bimo*.

Pſyllus. For ioy of *Gramichus* lets sing.

Ma. My voice is as cleare in the euening as in the morning.

Grani. An other commodie of emptines.

Song.

Actus primus, Scæna tertia

Melippus, Plato, Aristotle, Crisippus, Crates, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Alexander, Hephestion, Parmenia, Clytus, Diogenes

Melip. I had neuer such adoe to warne scholers to come before a king: First, I cam to *Crisippus* a tall leane old mad man, willing him presently to appeare before *Alexander*, he stoode staring on my face, neither mouing his eies nor his body, I vrging him to giue some answer, hee tooke vp a booke, sate downe and saide nothing: *Melissa* his maid told me it was his manner, and that oftétimes she was fain to thrust meate into his mouth: for that he wold rather starue thẽ ceasse studie. Wel thoght I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, & so great clarkes such simple courtiers, I wil neither be partaker of their cómons nor their commédations. Fró thence I came to *Plato* & to *Aristotle*, and to diuerse other none refusing to come, sauing an old obscure fellowe, who sitting in a tub turned towardes the sunne, reade Greek to a yong boy, him when I willed to appeare before *Alexander*, he answeared, if *Alexander* wold faine see me, let him come to me, if learne of me, lette him come to me, whatsoeuer it be, let him come to me: why, said I he is a king, he answeared, why I am a Philosopher; why, but he is *Alexander*, I but I am *Diogenes*. I was halfe angry to see one so crooked in his shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So going my way, I said thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to *Alexander*: nay smiling answered he! *Alexander* may repent it, if he come not to *Diogenes*, vertue must be sought, not offered: and so turning himself to his ordel, he grunted I know not what, like a pig vnder a tub. But I must be gone, the Philosophers are comming. *Exit*

Plato, It is a difficult controuersie, *Aristotle*, and rather to be wondred at, then beleeued, how natural causes should worke supernatural effects.

Arist. I doe not so much stand vpon the apparition is seene in the Moone, neither the *Demonium* of *Socrates*, as that I cannot by naturall reason giue any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, which makes me in the depth of my studies to crye out, *O mens entium miserere mei.*

Plato. *Cleanthes*, and you attribute so muche to nature by searching for things which are not to be found, that whilest you studie a cause of your owne, you omitte the occasion it selfe. There is no man so sauage in whom resteth not this diuine parcitle, that there is an omnipotent, eternall and diuine mouer, which may be called God.

Cleant. I am of this minde, that that first mooner, which you tearme God, is the instrument of all the mouings, which we attribute to nature. The earth which is masse, swimmeth on the sea, seasons deuided in themselues, fruits growing in themselues, the maiestie of the skie, the whole firmament of the world, & whatsoeuer els appeareth miraculous, what man almost of meane capacitie but can proue it naturall.

Anaxar. These causes shalbe debated at our Philosophers feast, in which controuersie I wil take parte with *Aristotle*, that there is *Natura naturans*, & yet not God.

Craterus. And I with *Plato*, that there is *Deus optimus maximus*, and not nature.

Arist Here commeth *Alexander.*

Alex. I see *Hepheſtion*, that these Philosophers are here attending for vs.

Hepheſt. They were not Philosophers, if they knewe not their dueties.

Alex. But I much maruaile *Diogenes* shoulde be so dogged.

Hepheſt

Hepheſt. I doe not think but his excuſe wilbe better then *Melippus* meſſage.

Alex. I will go ſee him *Hepheſtion*, becauſe I long to ſee him that would commaund *Alexander* to come, to whom al the world is like to come. *Ariſtotle* & the reſt ſithence my comming from *Thebes* to *Athens*, from a place of conqueſt to a pallace of quiet, I haue reſolued with my ſelf in my court to haue as many philoſophers as I had in my camp ſoldiers. My court ſhalbe a ſchole, wherein I wil haue vſed as great doctrine in peace, as I did in warre diſcipline.

Ariſt. We are al here ready to be commaunded, and glad we are that we are commanded: for that nothing better becommeth kings thē literature, which maketh them come as neere to the Gods in wiſdom, as they do in dignitie.

Alex. It is ſo *Ariſtotle*, but yet there is among you, yea & of your bringing vp, that ſought to deſtroy *Alexander*: *Caliſtenes*, *Ariſtotle*, whoſe treaſons againſte his prince ſhall not bee borne out with the reaſons of his Phyloſophy.

Ariſt. If euer miſchiefe entred into the heart of *Caliſtenes*, let *Caliſtenes* ſuffer for it, but that *Ariſtotle* euer imagined any ſuch thing of *Caliſtenes*, *Ariſtotle* doth denie.

Alex. Well *Ariſtotle*, kindred may blind thee, and affection meet, but in kinges cauſes I will not ſtande to ſchollers arguments. This meeting ſhalbe for a cōmandement, that you all frequent my courte, inſtructe the young with rules, confirme the olde with reaſons: lette your liues be anſwerable to your learninges, leaſte my proceedings be contrary to my promiſes.

Hephe. You ſayde you woulde aske euery one of them a queſtion, which yeſter night none of vs coulde aunſwere.

Alex. I will *Plato*, of all beaſtes, which is the ſubtileſt?

Plato. That which man hetherto neuer knew.

Alex. *Aristotle*, how should a man be thought a God?

Arist. In doing a thing vnpossible for a man.

Alex. *Crisippus*, which was first, the day or the night?

Crisip. The day by a day.

Alex. Indeede straunge questions must haue straung answeres. *Cleanthes*, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

Clean. Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

Alex. *Crates*, how long should a man liue?

Crates Till he thinke it better to die then liue.

Alex. *Anaxarchus*, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

Anax. The earth, for the sea is but a parte of the earth.

Alex. *Hephestion*, me thinkes they haue aunswered all well, & in such questions I meane often to trie them.

Hephe. It is better to haue in your courte a wise man, then in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leaue war, to studie wisdom, were I *Alexander*.

Alex. So would I, were I *Hephestion*. But come, let vs go and giue release, as I promised, to our *Thebã* thralles.

Exeunt.

Plato. Thou art fortunate *Aristotle*, that *Alexander* is thy scholler.

Arist. And you happy that he is your soueraigne.

Crisip. I could like the man well, if he could be contẽted to be but a man.

Arist. He seeketh to draw neere to the Gods in knowledge, not to be a God.

Plato. Let vs questiõ a litle with *Diogenes*, why he went not with vs to *Alexander*, *Diogenes*, thou didst forget thy dutie, that thou wentst not with vs to the king.

Diog. And you your profeſsion, that you went to the king.

Plato Thou takeſt as great pride to be pecuiſh, as others doe glory to be vertuous.

Diog. And thou as great honor being a Philoſopher to be thought courtlike, as others ſhame that be courtiers, to be accounted Philoſophers.

Ariſt. Theſe auſtere maners ſet aſide, it is well known that thou didſt counterfeit money.

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didſte not counterfeit money.

Ariſt. Thou haſt reaſon to contemn the court, being both in body and minde too crooked for a courtier.

Diog. As good be crooked, and endeuour to make my ſelf ſtraight from the court, as to be ſtraight and learne to be crooked at the court.

Crates Thou thinkeſt it a grace to be oppoſite againſt *Alexander*.

Diog. And thou to be iump with *Alexander*.

Anax. Let vs goe: for in contemning him, wee ſhall better pleaſe him, then in wondring at him.

Ariſt. *Plato*, what doſt thou thinke of *Diogenes*?

Plato. To be *Socrates* furious, let vs goe.

Exeunt Philoſophi.

Actus ſecundus, Schæna prima.

Diogenes, *Pſyllus*, *Manes*, *Granicus*.

Pſyl. Behold *Manes* where thy maiſter is, ſeeking either for bones for his dinner, or pinnes for his ſleeues, I wil go ſalute him.

Manes Doeſo: but mum, not a woord you ſawe *Manes*.

Gran. Then ſtay thou behinde, I will goe with *Pſyllus*.

Pfyl. All haile *Diogenes* to your proper person.
Diog. All hate to thy peeuish conditions.
Gran. O Dogge.
Pfyl. What dost thou seeke for here?
Diog. For a man and a beast.
Grani. That is easie without thy light to be found, bee not al these men?
Diog. Called men.
Grani. What beast is it thou lookest for?
Diog. The beast my man *Manes.*
Pfyl. He is a beast in deede that will serue thee.
Diog. So is he that begat thee.
Grani. What wouldest thou do, if thou shouldest find *Manes?*
Diog. Giue him leaue to doo as he hath done before.
Gran. Whats that.
Diog. To runne away.
Pfyl. VVhy, hast thou no neede of *Manes?*
Diog. It were a shame for *Diogenes* to haue neede of *Manes*, & for *Manes* to haue no need of *Diogines.*
Grani. But put the case he were gone, wouldest thou entertaine any of vs two?
Diog. Vpon condition.
Pfyl. VVhat?
Diog. That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good.
Grani. VVhy, I am a scholler, and well seene in Phylosophy.
Pfyl. And I a prentice, and well seene in painting.
Diog. VVell then *Granichus*, be thou a painter to amend thine yll face, & thou *Pfyllus* a Philosopher to correct thine euil manners. But who is that *Manes?*
Manes I care not who I were, so I were not *Manes.*
Grani. You are taken tardie.

Pſyl. Let vs ſlip aſide *Granichus*, to ſee the ſalutation betwene *Manes* and his maiſter.

Diog. *Manes*, thou knoweſt the laſt day I threw away my diſh, to drink in my hād, becauſe it was ſuperfluous, now I am determined to put away my man, and ſerue my ſelf: *Quia non egio tui vélle.*

Manes Maiſter, you know a while a goe I ran awaye, ſo doe I meane to do againe, *quia ſcio tibi non eſſe argentum.*

Diog. I know I haue no money, neither will I haue euer a man: for I was reſolued longe ſithence to put away both my ſlaues, money and *Manes*,

Manes So was I determined to ſhake off both my dogs hunger and *Diogenes*.

Pſyllus O ſweete conſent beetweene a crowde and a Iewes harp.

Grani. Come, let vs reconcile them.

Pſyllus It ſhall not neede: for this is their vſe, nowe do they dine one vpon another. *Exit Diog.*

Grani. How now *Manes*, art thou gone from thy maiſter.

Manes Noe, I didde but nowe bynde my ſelfe to him.

Pſyllus. Why, you were at mortall iars.

Manes In faith no, wee brake a better ieſt one vppon another.

Grani. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Pſyllus My father knew them both litle whelpes.

Manes Well, I will hie me after my maiſter.

Grani. Why, is it ſupper time with *Diogenes*?

Manes I, with him at al times when he hath meate.

Pſyllus. Why then, euery man to his home, and lette vs ſteale out againe anon.

Grani. Where ſhall we meete.

Psyllus Whye, at *Ala vndibili suspensa hedera non est opus.*

Manes O *Psyllus, habeo te loco parentis*, thou blessest me.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus, Schæna secunda.

Alexander, Hephestion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles.

Alex. Stand aside sir boy, til you be called. *Hephestion*, how doe yee like the sweete face of *Campaspe*?

Heph. I cannot but commend the stoute courage of *Timoclea*.

Alex. Without doubt *Campaspe* had some great man to her father.

Hephe. You know *Timoclea* had *Theagines* to her brother.

Alex. *Timoclea* stil in thy mouth, art thou not in loue?

Hephe. Not I.

Alex. Not with *Timoclea* you meane, wherein you resemble the Lapwing, who crieth most, where her neast is not. And so you lead me from espying your loue with *Campaspe*, you cry *Timoclea*.

Hephe. Could I aswell subdue kingdomes, as I can my thoughtes, or were I as farre from ambition, as I am frō loue, al the world wold account me as valiant in armes, as I know my self moderate in affection.

Alex. Is loue a vice?

Heph. It is no vertue.

Alex. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make betweene *Alexander* and *Hephestion*. And sith thou haste beene alwayes partaker of my triumphes, thou shalt be partaker of my tormēres. I loue *Hephestion*, I loue I loue *Campaspe*, a thing farre vnfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for *Alexander*. VVhy hangest thou downthy head *Hephestion*? blushing to heare that which

I am not ashamed to tell.

Hephest. Might my wordes craue pardon and my counsel credite, I woulde both discharge the duetie of a subiect, for so I am, & the office of a friend for so I will.

Alex. Speake *Hephestion* for whatsoeuer is spoken, *Hephestion* speaketh to *Alexander*

Hephest. I cannot tel *Alexander*, whether the reporte be more shameful to be heard or the cause sorowfull to be beleeued? What is the sonne of *Phillip*, king of Macedon become the subiect of *Campaspe* the captiue of *Thebes*? Is that minde, whose greatnes the world could not containe, drawn within the compasse of an idle alluring eie? Wil you handle the spindle with *Hercules*, when you shuld shake the speare with *Achilles*? Is the warlike soūd of drumme and trumpe turned to the soft noyse of lire and lute, the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudnes filled the ayre with terrour, and whose breathes dimmed the sunne with smoak, conuerted to delicate tunes and amorous glaunces? O *Alexander*, that soft and yeelding minde should not bee in him, whose hard and vnconquered heart hath made so many yeelde. But you loue, ah griefe, but whom? *Campaspe*, ah shame, a maide forsooth vnknowne, vnnoble, and who can tel whether immodest? whose eies are framed by arte to inamour, & whose heart was made by nature to inchaunt. I, but she is bewtiful, yea but not therefore chast: I, but she is comly in al partes of the body: yea, but she may be crooked in some part of the minde: I, but she is wise, yea, but she is a woman: Bewty is like the blackberry, which seemeth red, when it is not ripe, resembling pretious stōes that are polished with honney, which the smother they look, the sooner they breake. It is thought wonderful among the sea men, that *Mugil* of all fishes, the swiftest is found in the belly of the *Bret* of al the slowest: And shal it not seeme monstrous to wise men, that the hearte of the greatest conquerour of the worlde, should be soūd in

in the handes of the weakeſt creature of nature? of a woman? of a captiue? *Hermyns* haue faire skinnes, but fowle liuers, Sepulchres freſh colours, but rotte bones, women faire faces, but falſe heartes. Remember *Alexander* thou haſt a campe to gouerne, not a chamber, fall not from the armour of *Mars* to the armes of *Venus*, from the fiery aſſaults of war, to the maidely skirmiſhes of loue, from diſplaying the Eagle in thine enſigne, to ſet downe the ſparow. I ſigh *Alexander* that where fortune could not conquer, folly ſhuld ouercome. But behold al the perfection that may be in *Campaſpe*, a hayre curling by nature, not arte: ſweete alluring eies, a faire face made in deſpite of *Venus*, and a ſtately porte in diſdaine of *Iuno*, a witte apt to conceiue, and quick to anſwere, a skin as ſoft as ſilk, and as ſmooth as iet, a longe white hand, a fine litle foote, to conclude, all partes anſwerable to the beſt part, what of this? Thogh ſhe haue heauenly giftes, vertue and bewtie, is ſhe not of earthly mettal fleſh and bloud? You *Alexander* that would be a God, ſhew your ſelf in this worſe then a man, ſo ſoone to be both ouerſeene and ouertaken in a woma, whoſe falſe teares know their true times, whoſe ſmooth words wound deeper then ſharpe ſwordes. There is no ſurfeit ſo dangerous, as that of honney, nor anye poyſon ſo deadly, as that of loue, in the one phiſicke cannot preuaile, nor in the other counſell.

Alex. My caſe were light *Hepheſtion*, and not worthy to be called loue, if reaſon were a remedie, or ſentences could ſalue, that ſence cannot conceiue. Litle do you know, and therefore ſleightly do you regarde the dead embers in a priuate perſo, or liue coles in a great prince whoſe paſsions and thoughts do as far exceede others in extremitie, as their callinges doe in Maieſtie. An Eclipſe in the Sunne is more then the falling of a ſtarre, none can conceiue the torments of a king, vnleſſe hee be a king, whoſe deſires are not inferior to their dignities,

ties. And then iudge Hepheſtion if the agonies of loue be dangerous in a ſubiect, whether they be not more then deadly vnto Alexander, whoſe deep and not to be conceiued ſighes, cleaue the hart in ſhiuers, whoſe woūded thoughtes can neither be expreſſed nor endured. Ceaſe then Hepheſtion with argumēts to ſeeke to reſel that, which with their deitie the Gods cannot reſiſt, & let this ſuffice to aunſwere thee, that it is a king that loueth and Alexāder, whoſe affections are not to be meaſured by reaſon, being immortall, nor I feare me to be borne being intollerable.

Hephe. I muſt needes yeeld, when neither reaſon nor counſell can be heard.

Alex. Yeeld Hepheſtion, for Alexander doth loue, & therefore muſt obtaine.

Hepheſt. Suppoſe ſhe loues not you, affection cōmeth not by appointmente or birth, and then as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am a king, and will commaund.

Hephe. You may to yeelde to luſte by force, but to conſent to loue by feare you cannot.

Alex. Why, what is that, which Alexander may not conquer as he liſt?

Hephe. Why, that which you ſay the Gods cannot reſiſte, Loue.

Alex. I am a conquerour, ſhe a captiue, I as fortunate, as ſhe faire: my greatnes may anſwere her wants and the giftes of my minde, the modeſtie of hers: Is it not likely then that ſhe ſhould loue? Is it not reaſonable?

Hepheſt. You ſay that in loue there is no reaſon, and therefore there can be no likelyhood.

Alex No more Hepheſtion: in this caſe I wil vſe mine owne counſell, and in all other thinc aduice, thou maiſt be a good ſoldier, but neuer good louer. Cal my page. Sirha, goe preſently to Apelles, and wil him to come to

me without either delay or excuse.

Page. I goe.

Alex. In the meane season to recreate my spirits, be-
ing so neare, we will goe see Diogenes, and see
where his tub is. Diogenes?

Diog. Who callath?

Alex. Alexander. How happened it that you woulde
not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diog. Because it was as far from my tub to your pal-
lace, as from your palace to my tub.

Alex. Why then doest thou ow no reuerēce to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why so?

Diog. Because they be no Gods.

Alex. They be Gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, Gods of earth.

Alex. *Plato* is not of thy mind.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Because I would haue none of *Diogenes* minde
but *Diogenes*.

Alex. If Alexander haue any thing that may pleasure
Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from me, that you cannot giue
me, the light of the world.

Alex. What doest thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you haue.

Alex. I haue the world at commaund.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou shalt liue no longer then I will.

Diog. But I will die whether you wil or no.

Alex. How should one learn to be content?

Diog. Vnlearn to couet.

Alex. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I wold wishe
to be Diogenes.

Hephest. He is dogged, but discrete, I cannot tel how

sharpe with a kinde of sweetenes, ful of wit, yet too too wayward.

Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I wil both see thee, and confer with thee.

Diog. Doe

Alex. But here commeth Apelles, how now Apelles, is Venus face yet finished?

Apel. Not yet: Bewtie is not so soone shadowed whose perfection commeth not within the compasse either of conning or of colour.

Alex. Wel let it rest vnperfect, & come you with me, where I wil shewe you that finished by nature, that you haue beene trifling about by art.

Actus tertius, Schæna prima.

Apelles, Campaspe.

Apel. Lady, I doubt whether there bee any colour so fresh, that may shadow a countenance so faire.

Camp. Sir, I had thought you had beene commaunded to paint with your hand, not to glose with your tongue, but as I haue heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard fauour, which maketh you to dispair of my face, and then shall you haue as great thanks to spare your labour, as to discredit your arte.

Apel. Mistresse, you neither differ from your selfe nor your sex: for knowing your owne perfectiō, you seeme to dispraise that which men most cōmend, drawing thē by that meane into an admiration, where feedinge themselues they fal into an extasie, your modestie being the cause of the one, and of the other, your affections.

Camp. I am too young to vnderstande your speache, thogh old enough to withstād your deuise: you haue bin so long vsed to colours, you can do nothing but colour.

Apel. Indeed the colours I see, I feare wil alter the colour I haue: but come madam, will you draw neere, for

Alexander will be here anon. *Psyllus*, stay you heere at the window, if anye enquire for me, aunswere, *Non lubet*

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Schæna secunda.

Psyllus, Manes.

Psyllus. It is alwayes my maisters fashion, when any fair Gentlewoman is to be drawne within, to make mee to stay without. But if he should paint *Iupiter* like a Bul, like a Swan like an Eagle, then must *Psyllus* with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone, the better he shadowes her face, the more will he burne his owne heart. And now if a manne cold meete with *Manes*, who I dare say, lookes as leane, as if *Diogenes* dropped out of his nose.

Manes. And here comes *Manes*, whoe hath as muche meate in his maw, as thou hast honestie in thy head.

Psyllus. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes. They that know thee, know that.

Psyllus. But dost thou not remember that wee haue certaine licour to conferre withall.

Manes. I but I haue busines, I must go cry a thing.

Psyllus. Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes. That which I neuer had, my dinner?

Psyllus. Foule lubber wilt thou crye for thy dinner?

Manes. I meane, I must cry, not as one wold saye cry, but cry, that is make a noise.

Psyllus. Why foole, that is al one, for if thou cry, thou must needes make a noise.

Manes. Boy thou art deceiued. Cry hath diuerse significations, and may bee alluded to manye thinges, knaue but one, and can be applyed but to thee.

Psyllus. Profound *manes*.

Manes. Wee *Cynickes* are madde fellowes, didste thou

not

not finde I did quip thee?

Pfyllus No verely, why, what is a quip?

Manes We great girders cal it a short saying of a sharp witte, with a bitter sense in a sweete word.

Pfyl. How canst thou thus diuine, deuide, define, dispute, and all on the disdaine?

Manes. Wit wil haue his swing, I am bewitcht, inspird. inflamed, infected.

Pfyllus. Wel, then wil not I tempt thy gybing spirite.

Manes. Do not *Pfyllus*, for thy dull head will bee but a grindstone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with o uertwhartes, *peristi, actum est de te*. I haue drawne bloud at ones braines, with a bitter bob.

Pfyllus. Let me crosse my selfe, for I die, if I crosse thee

Manes. Let me do my busines, I my self am afraid, least my wit should waxe warm, and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine & pretty iests. I am some times in such a vaine, that for want of some dull pate to worke on, I begin to gird my selfe.

Pfyllus. The Gods shield mee from such a fine fellowe, whose words melt wits like waxe.

Manes. Well then, let vs to the matter. In fayth my maister meaneth to morow to flye.

Pfyllus. It is a iest.

Manes. Is it a iest to flye? shouldest thou flye so soone, thou shouldest repent it in earnest.

Pfyllus. Well, I wil be the cryer.

Man. and Pfyl. one after an other. O ys, o ys, o ys, Al manner of men, women or children, that will come to morow into the market place, between the houres of nine and ten, shall see *Diogenes* the Cynick flye

Pfyllus, I do not think he wil flye,

Manes. Tush, say fly.

Pfyllus. Fly.

Manes. Now let vs goe: for I will not see him againe, til midnight, I haue a back way into his tub.

Pſyllus Which way calleſt thou the backwaye, when euery way is open.

Manes I meane to come in at his back.

Pſyllus Well, let vs goe away, that wee may returne ſpeedely.

Exeunt

Actus tertius, Schæna tertia.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apel. I ſhall neuer drawe your eies well, becauſe they blind mine.

Camp. Why thē, paint me without eies, for I am blinde.

Apel. Were you euer ſhadowed before of any?

Camp. No. And would you could ſo now ſhadow me, that I might not be perceiued of any.

Apel. It were pittie, but that ſo abſolute a face ſhould furniſh Venus temple amongſt theſe pictures.

Camp. What are theſe pictures?

Apel. This is Læda, whom Ioue deceiued in likenes of a ſwan.

Camp. A faire woman, but a foule deceit.

Apel. This is Alemena, vnto whó Iupiter came in ſhape of Amphitriō her husband, and begat *Hercules*.

Camp. A famous ſonne, but an infamous fact.

Apel. He might do it, becauſe he was a God.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was euil done, becauſe he was a God.

Apel. This is Danae, into whoſe priſon Iupiter driſled a golden ſhewre, and obtained his deſire.

Camp. What Gold can make one yeelde to deſire?

Apel. This is Eutopa, whom Iupiter rauiſhed, this Antiopa

Camp. Were al the Gods like this Iupiter?

Apel. There were many Gods in this like Iupiter.

Camp. I thinke in thoſe dayes loue was wel ratified among

mong men on earth, when luſt was ſo ful authoriſed by the Gods in heauen

Apel. Nay, you may imagine there were womẽ paſſing amiable, when there were Gods exceeding amorous.

Camp. Were women neuer ſo faire, men wold be falſe.

Apel. were women neuer ſo falſe, men wold be fond.

Camp. what counterfeit is this *Apelles*?

Apel. This is venus, the Goddeſſe of loue.

Camp. What, be there alſo louing Goddeſſes?

Apel. This is ſhe that hath power to commaunde the very affections of the heart.

Camp. How is ſhe hired, by praier, by ſacrifice, or bribs?

Apel. By praier, ſacrifice and bribes.

Camp. What prayer?

Apel. Vowes irrenocable.

Camp. What ſacrifice?

Apel. Heartes euer ſighing, neuer diſſembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roſes and kiſſes: but were you neuer in loue?

Camp. No, nor loue in me.

Apel. Then haue you iniuried many.

Camp. How ſo?

Apel. Becauſe you haue beene loued of many.

Camp. Flattered parchance of ſome.

Apel. It is not poſsible that a face ſo faire, and a wit ſo ſharpe, both without compariſon, ſhuld not be apt to loue.

Camp. If you begin to tip your tong with conning, I pray you dip your penſil in colers, and fall to that you muſt doe, not that you wonld doe.

Actus tertius Schæna quarta.

Clytus, Parmenio, Alexander, Hepheſtion, Cryſus, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaſpe.

Clytus Parmenio, I cannot tel how it cõmeth to paſſe, that in *Alexander* now a daies there groweth an vnpatient kinde of life, in the morning he is melãcholy at noone

solomne, at all times either more sower or seuere, then he was accustomed.

Parme. In kinges causes I rather loue to doubte then coniecture, and think it better to be ignoraunt then inquisitiue: they haue long eares and stretched armes, in whose heades suspition is a proofe, and to be accused is to be condemned.

Clitus Yet betweene vs there canne be no danger to finde out the cause: for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an vnquenchable thirste of conquering maketh him vnquiet: it is not vnlikly his long ease hath altred his humour: that he should be in loue, it is not imposible.

Parme In loue Clytus? no, no, it is as farre from his thought, as treason in ours, he, whose euer waking eye, whose neuer tried heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind vnsatiable of victory hath alwayes bin noted, cannot so soone be melted into the weak conceites of loue: Aristotle told him there were many worlds, & that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for al, galleth Alexander. But here he commeth.

Alex. Parmenio, and Clytus, I would haue you both redy to go into persia about an ambassage no lesse profitable to me, then to your selues honourable.

Clitus. We are ready at al commaundes, wishing nothing els, but continually to be commaunded,

Alex. Well, then withdraw your selues, til I haue further considered of this matter.

Exeunt Clytus & Parmenio.

Now we wil see how Apelles goeth forward: I doubt me that nature hath ouercom arte, and her countenāce his conning.

Hephest. You loue, and therefore think any thing.

Alex. But not so farre in loue with Campaspe, as with Bucephalus, if occasion serue either of cōflicte or of conqueste.

Hepheſt

Hepheſt. Ocaſion cannot want, if wil doe not. Behold all Perſia ſwelling in the pride of their owne power: the Scithians careleſſe what courage or fortune canne doe: the Aegiptians dreaming in the ſouthſayinges of their Auguries, and gaping ouer the ſmoak of their beaſts intralles. All theſe *Alexander* are to bee ſubdued, if that world be not ſlipped out of your head, which you haue ſworne to conquere with that hand.

Alex. I confeſſe the labours fit for *Alexander*, and yet recreation neceſſary among ſo many aſſaults, bloudye woundes, intollerable troubles: giue mee leaue a litle, if not to ſitte, yet to breath. And doubt not but *Alexander* can when he wil, throw affections as farre from him, as he can cowardiſe. But behold *Diogines* talking with one at his tub.

Cryſus. One pennie *Diogenes*, I am a Cynick.

Diog. He made thee a begger, that firſt gaue thee any thing.

Cryſus. Whye, if thou wilt giue nothing, no body will giue thee.

Diog. I want nothing, till the ſprings dry, & the earth periſh.

Cryſus. I gather for the Gods.

Diog. And I care not for thoſe gods, which want money.

Cryſus. Thou art a right Cynicke, that will giue nothing.

Diog. Thou art not, that will beg any thing.

Cryſus. *Alexander*, king *Alexander*, giue a poore Cynick a groat.

Alex. It is not for a king to giue a groat.

Cryſus Then giue me a talent.

Alex. It is not for a begger to aske a talent. Awaye, *Apelles*?

Apel. Here.

Alex. Now Gentlewomanne, dooth not your bewtie

put the painter to his trump?

Camp. Yes my Lorde, seeing so disordered a countenaunce, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit.

Alex. wold he could colour the life with the feature. And me thinketh *Apelles*, were you as cūning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers aswell with sweete smels, as fresh colours, obseruing in your mixture such thinges as should draw neere to their sauours.

Apel. Your maiestie must know, it is no lesse harde to paint sauours thē vertues, colours can neither speake nor think.

Alex. Where do you first begin, when you drawe any picture?

Apel. The proportion of the face in iust compasse, as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eie, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you will paint, as you are a king, your Maiestie, may beginnē where you please, but as you wold be a painter, you must begin with the face

Alex. *Aurelius* would in one houre colour four faces.

Apel. I meruaile in half an houre he did not foure.

Alex. Why, is it so easie?

Apel. No, but he doth it so homely.

Alex. When will you finish *Campaspe*?

Apel. Neuer finishe: for alwaies in absolute bewtie there is somwhat aboue arte.

Alex. Why should not I by labour bee as cunning as *Apelles*?

Apel. God shield you should haue cause to be so conning as *Apelles*.

Alex. Me thinketh 4. colours are sufficiēt to shadow any countenance, & so it was in the time of *Phyaias*.

Apel. Thē had men fewer fancies, & womē not so many sauors, For now, if the haire of her eie browes be black,

yet muſt the haire of her head be yellowe: the attire of her head muſt be different from the habit of her body, els muſte the picture ſeeme like the blaſon of auncient Armorie, not like the ſweete delight of new found amiablenes. For as in garden knottes diuerſitie of odours make a more ſweete ſauour, or as in muſicke diuers ſtringes cauſe a more delicate conſent, ſo in paintinge, the more colours, the better counterfeit, obſeruinge blacke for a ground, and the reſt for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy penſil *Apelles*, I will paint, & thou ſhalt iudge.

Apel. Here.

Alex. The coale breakes.

Apel. You leane too hard.

Alex. Now it blackes not.

Apel. You leane too ſoft.

Alex. This is awry.

Apel. Your eie goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worſe.

Apel. Your hand goth not with your mind.

Alex. Nay, if al be too hard or ſoft, ſo many rules and regardes, that ones hand, ones eie, ones minde muſt all draw together, I had rather be ſetting of a battell, then blotting of a bourd. But how haue I done heere?

Apel. Like a king.

Alex. I think ſo: but nothing more vnlike a Paynter. Wel *Apelles*, *Campaſpe* is finiſhed as I wiſh, diſmiſſe her, bring preſently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

Alex. Now *Hepheſtion*, doth not this matter cotton as I would, *Campaſpe* looketh pleaſauntlye, libertie wil encreaſe her bewtie, & my loue ſhal aduaunce her honor.

Hephe. I wil not contrary your maieſtie, for time muſt weare out that loue hath wrought, and reaſon weane what appetite nourſed.

Alex. How ſtately ſhe paſſeth bye, yet how ſoberly, a

sweet consent in her countenance with a chast disdain, desire mingled with coynesse, and I cannot tell howe to tearme it, a curst yeelding modestie.

Heph. Let her passe.

Alex. So she shall for the fairest on the earth.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Schæna quinta.

Pfyllus, Manes, Apelles.

Pfyl. I shalbe hanged for tarying so long.

Manes I pray God my maister be not flowne before I come.

Pfyl. Away *Manes*, my maister doth come.

Apel. Where haue you bin all this while?

Pfyl. No where but heere.

Apel. Who was here since my comming?

Pfyl. No body.

Apel. Vngratious wag, I perceiue you haue beene a loytering: was *Alexander* no body?

Pfyl. He was a king, I meant no meane body.

Apel. I will cogell your body for it, and then wyll I say it was no bodie, because it was no honeste body. Away in.

Exit Pfyl.

Vnfortunate *Apelles*, and therefore vnfortunate, beecause *Apelles*. Hast thou by drawing her bewtie brought to passe, ꝙ thou canst scarse draw thine own breath. And by so much the more hast thou encreased thy care, by how much the more thou hast shewed thy cũning: was it not sufficient to behold the fire, and warme thee, but with *Satyrus* thou must kisse the fire and burne thee? O *Campaspe*, *Campaspe*, arte must yeeld to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection. Could *Pigmalion* entreate

by

by prayer to haue his Iuory turned into fleſh? and cannot *Apelles* obtaine by plaints to haue the picture of his loue chaunged to life? Is painting ſo farre inferiour to carning? or doſt thou *Venus* more delight to be hewed with Chizels, then ſhadowed with colours? what *Pigmalion*, or what *Pyrgoteles*, or what *Lyſippus* is hee, that euer made thy face ſo faire, or ſpread thy fame ſo farre as I? vnleſſe *Venus*, in this thou enuieſt mine arte, that in colouring my ſweete *Campaſpe*, I haue left no place by cunning to make thee ſo amiable. But alas, ſhe is the paramour to a prince. *Alexander* the monarch of the earth hath both her body and affection: For what is it that kinges cannot obtaine by praiers, threates and promiſes? Wil not ſhe think it better to ſit vnder a cloth of eſtate like a queene, then in a poore ſhop like a huſwife? and eſteeme it ſweeter to be the concubine of the Lord of the world, then ſpouſe to a painter in Athēs? Yes, yes *Apelles*, thou maiſt ſwimme againſt the ſtreame with the Crab, and feede againſt the winde with the deere, and pecke againſt the ſteele with the Cockatrice: ſtarres are to be looked at, not reached at, princes to bee yeelded vnto, not contended with, *Campaſpe* to bee honoured, not obteined, to be painted, not poſſeſſed of thee. O fair face, O vnhappy hand, & why didſt thou draw it ſo faire a face? O bewtifull countenance, the expreſſe image of *Venus*, but ſowhat freſher: the only pattern of that eternitie, which *Iupiter* dreaming of aſleepe, could not conceiue again wakīg. Bluſh *Venus*, for I am aſhamed to end thee. Now muſt I paint things vnpoſsible for mine arte, but agreeable with my affections: deepe and hollowe ſighes, ſadde and melancholye thoughtes, wounds and ſlaughters of conceites, a life poſting to death, a death galloping from life, a wauering conſtancie, an vnſetled reſolution, and what not, *Apelles*? And what but *Apelles*? But as they that are ſhaken with a feuer are to bee warmed with clothes, not groanes, & as he that melteth in

a consumption is to bee recured by Colices, not conceites: so the feeding cāker of my care, the neuer dying worm of my hart, is to be killed by coūsel, not cries, by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperat there must be vsed medicines that are extream, I wil hazard that litle life that is left, to restore the greater part that is lost, & this shalbe my first practise: for wit must work, where authoritie is not. Assoone as *Alexander* hath viewed this portraiture, I will by deuise giue it a blemish, that by that meanes she may come again to my shop, and then as good it were to vtter my loue, and die with deniall, as conceale it, & liue in despaire. *The Song.*

Actus quartus, Schæna prima.

Solinus, Psyllus, Granichus, Manes, Diogenes, Populus.

Soli. This is the place, the day, the time, that *Diogenes* hath appointed to flye.

Psyl. I will not loose the sight of so faire a fowle as *Diogenes* is, though my master cogel my no bodie, as he threatned.

Gran. What *Psyllus*, will the beaste wag his winges to day?

Psyl. VVe shal heare: for here commeth *Manes*: *Manes* will it be?

Manes Be, he were best be as cunning as a Bee, or else shortly he wil not be at all.

Gran. How is he furnished to fly, hath he feathers?

Manes Thou art an asse, Capons, Geese & Owles haue feathers. He hath found *Dedalus* old waxen wings, and hath beene peecing them this moneth, he is so broade in the shoulders. O you shall see him cut the ayre euen like a Tortoys.

Solinus

Solt. Me thinkes ſo wiſe a man ſhuld not be ſo mad, his body muſt needes be too heauie.

Manes VVhy, hee hath eaten nothing this ſeuennight but corke and feathers.

Pſyl. Tutch him *Manes*.

Manes He is ſo light, that he can ſcarſe keepe him frō flying at midnight.

Populus intrat.

Manes See they begin to flocke, and behold my mayſter buſtles himſelfe to flye.

Diog. Yee wicked and beewitched Athenians, whoſe bodies make the earth to groane, and whoſe breathes infect the aire with ſtench. Come ye to ſee *Diogenes* fly? *Diogenes* commeth to ſee you ſinke: yee call me dog, ſo I am, for I long to gnaw the boanes in your skins. Yee tearme me an hater of menne: no, I am a hater of your maners. Your liues diſſolute, not fearing death, will proue your deaths deſperate, not hoping for life: what do you els in Athens but ſleepe in the day, and ſurfeite in the night: back Gods in the morning with pride, in the euening belly Gods with gluttonie. You flatter kings, & call them Gods: ſpeake trueth of your ſelues, & confeſſe you are deuils. From the Bee you haue takē not the honney, but the wax to make your religiō, framing it to the time, not to the trueth. Your filthy luſte you colour vnder a courtly colour of loue, iniuries abroad vnder the title of pollicies at home, and ſecrete malice creepeth vnder the name of publik iuſtice. You haue cauſed *Alexander* to dry vp ſprings & plant vines, to ſow roket and weedē endiffe, to ſheare ſheepe, and ſhrine foxes. Al cōſcience is ſealed at Athens. Swearing commeth of a hot mettle: lying of a quick wit: flattery of a flowing tongue, vndecent talk of a mery diſpoſition. Al things are lawfull at Athens. Either you thinke there are no Gods, or I muſt think ye are no men. You build as though you ſhould liue for euer, and ſurfet as though you ſhould die to morow.

None teacheth true Phyloſophy but *Ariſtotle*, becauſe he was the kings ſchoolemaiſter. O times, O menne, O corruption in manners. Remember that greene graſſe muſt turne to dry hay. When you ſleep, you are not ſure to wake, and when you riſe not certeine to lye downe. Looke you neuer ſo hie, your heads muſt lye leuell with your feete. Thus haue I flowne ouer your diſordered liues, and if you wil not amend your manners, I wil ſtudie to flie further from you, that I may be neerer to honeſtie.

Soli. Thou raueſt *Diogenes*, for thy life is different from thy wordes. Did not I ſee thee come out of a brothel houſe? was it not a ſhame?

Diog. It was no ſhame to go out, but a ſhame to goe in.

Gran. It were a good deede *Manes*, to beate thy maiſter.

Manes You were as good eate my maiſter.

One of the people. Haſt thou made vs al fooles, and wilt thou not flye?

Diog. I tell thee, vnleſſe thou be honeſt, I will flye.

People Dog, dog, take a boane.

Diog. Thy father neede feare no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People We will tell *Alexander*, that thou reproueſt him behinde his back.

Diog. And I will tell him, that you flatter him before his face.

People. We will cauſe al the boyes in the ſtreete to hiſſe at thee.

Diog. Indeede I thinke the Athenians haue their children ready for any vice, becauſe they be Athenians.

Manes Why maiſter, meane you not to flye?

Diog. No *Manes*, not without wings.

Manes Euery body will account you a lyar.

Diog. No, I warrant you: for I will alwaies say the Athenians are mischieuous.

Pyllus I care not, it was sport ynogh for me to see these old huddles hit home.

Gran. Nor I.

Pyllus Come, let vs goe, and hereafter when I meane to raile vpon any body openly, it shall be giuen out, I will flye.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Shæna secunda.

Campaspe, Apelles.

Campaspe sola. *Campaspe*, It is hard to iudge whether thy choice be more vnwise, or thy chaunce vnfortunate. Doest thou preferre, but stay, vtter not that in woordes, which maketh thine eares to glow with thoughts. Tush better thy tongue wagge, then thy heart break. Hath a painter crept further into thy mind then a prince? *Apelles* then *Alexander*? Fond wench, the basenes of thy mind bewraies the meanneſse of thy birth. But alas, affection is a fyre which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oake, & catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burne. Larkes that mount aloft in the ayre, build their neastes below in the earth, and women that cast their eyes vpon kinges, may place their hearts vpon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better then a Lute, and a distaffe is fitter for thy hand then a Scepter. Ants liue safely, til they haue gotten wings, & Iuniper is not blowne vp, till it hath gotten an hie top. The meane estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here commeth *Apelles*, in whom I woulde there were the like affection.

Apel. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture, wil put you to some paines, to sitte againe to be painted.

Camp. It is smal paines for me to sit still, but infinit for you to draw stil.

Apel. No Madame, to painte *Venus* was a pleasure, but to shadowe the sweete face of *Campaspe* it is a heauen.

Camp. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your wordes would be as your thoughtes are, but such a common thing it is amõgst you to commẽd, that oftentimes for fashion sake you cal them bewtifull, whom you know black.

Apel. What might men doe to be beleeued?

Camp. Whet their tongues on their heartes.

Apel. So they doe, and speake as they think.

Camp. I would they did.

Apel. I would they did not.

Camp. Why, would you haue them dissemble?

Apel. Not in loue, but their loue. But wil you giue me leaue to aske you a question without offence?

Camp. So that you wil aunswere me an other without excuse.

Apel. whom do you loue best in the world.

Camp. He that made me last in the world.

Apel. That was a God.

Camp. I had thought it had beene a man: but whome do you honour most *Apelles*?

Apel. The thing that is lykest you *Campaspe*.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture vpon your person. But come, let vs go in: for *Alexander* wil thinke it long till we returne.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Schæna tertia,

Clytus, Parmenio.

Clytus. We heare nothing of our Embassage, a colour belike

belike to bleare our eyes, or tickle our eares, or inflame our heartes. But what doth *Alexander* in the meane season, but vse for Tantara, Sol. Fa. La. for his harde couch, downe beddes, for his handfull of water, his standinge Cup of wine?

Parme. *Clytus*, I mislike this new delicacie and pleasing peace: for what els do we se now then a kind of softnes in euery mans mind, Bees do make their hiues in soldiers helmets, our steedes furnished with foote clothes of gold in steede of saddles of steele: More time to bee required to scoure the rust of our weapons, thē there was woont to bein subdewing the contries of our enemies. Sithence *Alexander* fell from his harde armour to his softe robes, beholde the face of his court, youthes that were woont to carry deuises of victory in their shieldes, engraue now posies of loue in their ringes. They that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enimy with a launce, now in easie coches ride vp & downe to court Ladies: in steede of sword and target to hazard their liues, vse pen and paper to paint their loues. Yea, such a feare and faintnes is growne in courte, that they wish rather to heare the blowing of a horne to hunt, thē the sound of a trumpet to fight? O Phillip, wert thou aliue to see this alteratiō, thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to louers, gloues worne in veluet, caps in steede of plumes in grauen helmets, thou wouldest ether die among them for sorow, or confound them for anger.

Clitus Cease *Permenio*, least in speaking what becommeth thee not, thou feele what liketh thee not: trueth is neuer without a scratcht face, whose tongue although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied vp.

Parme It griueth me not a little for *Hephestion*. whoe thirsteth for honour, not ease, but such is his fortune & neerenesse in friendship to *Alexander*, that he must lay a pillowe vnder his head, when he would put a targette in his hand.

But let vs draw in, to see how well it becomes them to tread the measurs in a daunce, that were wont to sette the order for a march.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Schęna quarta.

Apelles. Campaspe.

Apel. I haue now *Campaspe*, almost made an ende.

Camp. You tolde me *Apelles*, you would neuer ende.

Apel. Neuer end my loue: for it shal be eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to haue beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are disposed to mistake, I hope you doe not mistrust.

Camp. What will you saye, if *Alexander* perceiue your loue?

Apel. I will say it is no treason to loue.

Camp. But how if he wil not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gase continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feede thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eye: besides the sweete thoughtes, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to imbrace thy shadow continually in mine armes, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substaunce.

Camp. Wel, I must be gon: but this assure your self, that I had rather bee in thy shop grinding colours, then in *Alexanders* court, following higher fortunes.

Campaspe alone.

Foolish wench, what hast thou done? that alas which cannot be vndone, and therfore I feare me vndone. But content is such a life, I care not for aboundance. O *Apel-*

les,

les, thy loue commeth from the hearte, but *Alexanders* from the mouth. The loue of Kinges is lyke the blowinge of windes, whiche whistle sometimes gentlye amonge the leaues, and straight waies turne the trees vp by the rootes: or fire which warmeth a farre off, and burneth neere hand, or the sea, which maketh men hoyse their sayles in a flattering calme, and to cut their mastes in a rough storme. They place affection by times, by pollicie, by appointment, if they frowne, who dares cal them vnconstant, if bewray secretes, who wil tearme them vntrue, if fall to other loues, who trembles not, if he cal them vnfaithfull. In kinges there can be no loue, but to Queenes: for as neere must they meete in maiestie, as they doe in affection. It is requisite to stande aloofe from kinges loue, *loue*, and lightening.

Exit.

Actus quartus, Schęna quinta.

Appelles. Page.

Apel. Now *Apelles*, gather thy wits together: *Campaspe* is no lesse wise then faire, thy selfe must bee no lesse cunning then faithfull. It is no small matter to be riuall with *Alexander*.

Page. *Apelles*, you must come away quicklye with the picture, the king thinketh that now you haue painted it, you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures, I haue ynough at home.

Page None perhaps you like so well.

Apel. It may be I haue painted none so well.

Page. I haue knowne many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boies.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus Shæna prima.

Diogines, Syluius, Perim, Milo, Trico, Manes

Sylui. I haue brought my sons *Diogenes*, to be taught of thee.

Diog. What can thy sonnes doe?

Sylui. You shall see their qualities: Daunce sirha.

Then Perim Daunceth.

How like you this? doth he well?

Diog. The better, the worser.

Sylui. The Musicke very good.

Diog. The Musitions very badde, who onelye studie to haue their stringes in tune, neuer framing their manners to order.

Sylui. Now shall you see the other: tumble sirha.

Milo tumbleth.

How like you this? why do you laugh?

Diog. To see a wagge, that was born to break his neck by destinie, to practise it by arte.

Milo. This dogge will bite me, I wil not be with him.

Diog. Feare not boy, dogges eate no thistles.

Perim. I maruell what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Diog. When I am hungry, a mastiue, and when my belly is full a spaniell.

Sylui. Doest thou beleeue that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged?

Diog. I must needs beleeue there are gods: for I think thee an enimie to them.

Sylui. Why so?

Diog. Because thou hast taught one of thy sonnes to rule his legges, and not to folow learning, the other to bend his body euery way, and his minde no way.

Perim. Thou doest nothing but snarle, and barke like a dogge.

Diog. It is the next way to driue away a theefe.

Sylui. Now shall you heare the third, who signes like a Nightingall.

Diog. I care not: for I haue heard a Nightingall sing her selfe.

Syl. Sing sir ha.

Trico singeth.

Syl. Loe *Diogenes*, I am sure thou canst not doe so much.

Dio. But there is neuer a Thrush but can.

Sylui. What hast thou taught *Manes* thy man?

Dio. To be as vnlike as may be thy sonnes.

Manes. He hath taught me to fast, lye hard and runne away.

Sylui. Howe sayest thou *Perim*, wilte thou bee with him?

Perim. I, so he will teache me first to run away.

Diog. Thou needest not bee taught, thy legges are so nimble.

Sylui. Howe sayest thou Milo, Wilte thou bee with hym?

Diog. Nay, holde your peace, he shal not.

Sylui. Why?

Diog. There is not roome enough for him and mee both to tumble in one tub.

Sylui. Well Diogenes, I perceaue my sonnes brooke not thy manners.

Diog. I thought no lesse, when they knewe my vertues.

Sylui. Farewel *Diogenes*, thou neededst not haue scraped rootes, if thou wouldest haue followed Alexander.

Diog. Nor thou haue followed Alexãder if thou hadst scraped roots.

Actus quintus, Shęna ſecunda.

Apelles alone.

I feare me *Apelles*, that thine eies haue blabbed that, which thy tongue durſt not. What little regard hadſt thou, whilſt *Alexander* viewed the counterfeite of *Campaſpe*, thou ſtoodeſt gazing on her countenaunce? If he eſpie or but ſuſpect, thou muſt needes twice periſh with his hate, and thine owne loue. Thy pale lookes when he bluſhed, thy ſadde countenaunce, when hee ſmiled, thy ſighes, when he queſtioned, may breede in him a ieloſie, perchaunce a frenzey. O loue, I neuer before knewe what thou wert, and nowe haſte thou made mee that I know not what my ſelfe am? Onely this knowe, that I muſt endure intollerable paſsions, for vnknowne pleaſures. Diſpute not the cauſe wretch, but yeeld to it: for better it is to melt with deſire, then wraſtle with loue. Caſt thy ſelfe on thy carefull bedde, be content to lyue vnknowne, and die vnfounde. O *Campaſpe*, I haue painted thee in my heart, painted? nay, contrarye to myne arte, imprinted, and that in ſuche deepe Characters, that nothing can raſe it out, vnleſſe it rubbe thy heart out.

Exit.

Actus quintus, Schęna tertia.

Miletus, Phrigius, Lays, Diogenes.

Mil. It ſhal go hard, but this peace ſhal bring vs ſome pleaſure.

Phry. Downe with armes, and vp with legges, this is a world for the nonce.

Lays. Sweete youthes, if you knew what it were to saue your sweete bloud, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashinge, to make foule scarres in faire faces, & crooked maimes in streight legges? as though men being borne goodlye by nature, would of purpose become deformed by follye, and all forsooth for a new found tearme, called valiant, a word which breedeth more quarrelles then the sense can commendation.

Mil. It is true *Lays*, a featherbed hath no fellow, good drinke makes good bloud, and shall pelting words spill it?

Phry. I meane to inioy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawers, not to curtall it off at the Cuttelers.

Lays. You may talke of warre, speake bigge, conquer worldes with great wordes: but stay at home, where in steede of Alarums you shall haue daunces, for hot battelles with fierce menne, gentle Skirmishes with fayre womenne. These pewter coates canne neuer sitte so wel as satten dublets. Beleeue mee, you cannot conceaue the pleasure of peace, vnlesse you despise the rudenesse of warre.

Mil. It is so. But see *Diogenes* prying ouer his tubbe: *Diogenes*, what sayest thou to such a morsel?

Diog. I say, I would spitit out of my mouth, because it should not poyson my stomack.

Phry. Thou speakest as thou art, it is no meate for dogges.

Diog. I am a dogge, and Phylosophy rates mee from carion.

Lays. Vnciuill wretch, whose manners are aunswerable to thy callynge, the time was, thou wouldest haue hadde my company, had it not beene, as thou saidst too deare.

Diog. I remember there was a thinge, that I repented

me of, and now thou haſte told it, indeed it was to deare of nothing, and thou deare to no bodye.

Lays. Downe villaine, or I wil haue thy head broken?

Mil. Will you couch?

Phry. Auaunt curre: Come ſweete *Lays*, let vs go to ſome place and poſſeſſe peace. But firſt let vs ſing, there is more pleaſure in tuning of a voyce, then in a volly of ſhotte.

Milec. Now let vs make haſte, leaſt *Alexander* finde vs here.

Exeunt

Actus quintus, ſchæna quarta.

Alexander, Hepheſtion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaſpe.

Alex. Mee thinketh *Hepheſtion* you are more melancholy then you were accuſtomed, but I perceiue it is all for *Alexander*. You can neither brooke this peace, nor my pleaſure, be of good cheare, though I winke I ſleepe not.

Hepheſt. Melancholy I am not, nor well content: for I know not how there is ſuch a ruſt crept into my bones with this long eaſe, that I feare I ſhal not ſcowre it out with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes, if all the trauails of conquering the world will ſet either thy body or mine in tune, wee will vndertake them. But what think you of *Apelles*? Did ye euer ſee any ſo perplexed? Hee neither anſwered directly to any queſtion, nor looked ſtedfaſtly vppon anye thing. I hold my life the Painter is in loue.

Hephe. It may be: for commonly we ſee it incident in artificers to be inamoured of their own workes, as *Archidamus* of his woodden Doue, *Pygmalyon*, of his ivorie Image,

Image, *Arachne* of his woddé swan, especially painters, who playing with their owne conceits, now coueting to draw a glauncing eie, then a rolling, now a wincking, still mending it, neuer ending it, til they be caught with it, and then poore soules, they kisse the colours with their lippes, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers

Alex. I wil finde it out: page, goe speedely for *Apelles*, wil him to come hither, and when you see vs earnestly in talke, sodenly cry out *Apelles* shoppe is on fire.

Page. It shalbe done.

Alex. Forget not your lesson.

Hephe. I maruaile what your deuice shalbe

Alex. The euent shall proue.

Hephe. I pittie the poore painter, if he be in loue.

Alex. Pittie him not, I pray thee, that seuere grauity set aside, what do you think of loue?

Hephe. As the macedonians do of their hearbe Beet, which loking yellow in the ground, and blacke in the hand, thinke it better seene then toucht.

Alex. But what do you imagine it to be?

Hephe. A word by superstition thought a god, by vse turned to an humour, by selfwil made a flattering madnesse

Alex. You are too hard harted to think so of loue. But vs go to *Diogenes*. *Diogenes*, thou maist think it somwhat that *Alexander* commeth to thee againe so soone.

Dioge. If you come to learn, you could not come soone enough, if to laugh, you be come to soone,

Hephe. It would better become thee to be more curteous, and frame thy selfe to please.

Dioge. And you better to be lesse, if you durst displease

Alex. What dost thou think of the time we haue here?

Dioge. That we haue little, and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick, what wouldest thou haue him do?

Dioge. Be sure that he make not his Phisition his heire

Alex. If thou mightest haue thy wil, how much groūd would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the ende must be contented whitall.

Alex. What, a world?

Diog. No, the length of my body.

Alex. *Hephestion*, shal I be a litle pleasant with him?

Heph. You may: but he will be very peruerse with you.

Alex. It skilleth not, I cannot be angry with him. *Diogenes*, I pray thee, what dooſt thou think of loue?

Diog. A litle worſer then I can of hate.

Alex. And why?

Diog. Becauſe it is better to hate the thinges, whiche make to loue, thē to loue the things, which giue occaſion of hate.

Alex. Why bee not women the beſt creatures in the (world

Diog. Next men and Bees.

Alex. What dooſt thou diſlyke chiefely in a woman?

Diog. One thing.

Alex. What?

Diog. That ſhe is a woman.

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert neuer born of a woman, that thou thinkeſt ſo hardly of womē. But now cōmeth *Apelles*, who I am ſure is as far from thy thoght, as thou art frō his cunning. Diog. I will haue thy cabin remoued nerer to my court, bicauſe I wilbe a philoſopher.

Diog. And when you haue done ſo, I pray you remoue your court further from my cabinne, becauſe I wil not be a courtier.

Alex. But here commeth *Apelles*. *Apelles*, what peece of worke haue you in hand?

Apel. None in hand if it like your maieſtie: but I am deuiſing a platforme in my head.

Alex. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about *Venus*?

Apel. No, but ſome thing about *Venus*?

Page. *Apelles, Apelles*, looke about you, your shop is on fire.

Apel. Ay me, if the picture of *Campaspe* be burnt, I am vndone.

Alex. Stay *Apelles*, no hast it is your hart is on fire, not your shop, & if Camp. hang ther, I wold she were burnt. But haue you the picture of *Campaspe*? Belike you loue her wel, that you care not thogh al be lost so she be safe.

Apel. Not loue her: but your Maiestie knowes that painters in their last works are said to excel themselues, and in this I haue so much pleased my selfe, that the shadow as much delighteth mee being an artificer, as the substaunce doth others that are amorous.

Alex You lay your colours grosely, though I could not paint in your shop, I cā spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed *Apelles*, it is a Gentlemans sport to be in loue. Call hither *Campaspe*. Me thinks I might haue bin made priuie to your affection, though my counsell had not bene necessary, yet my countenance might haue bin thought requisite. But *Apelles* forsooth loueth vnder hand, yea & vnder *Alexanders* nose, and, but I say no more.

Apel. Apelles loueth not so: but he liueth to do as Alexander will.

Alex . *Campaspe*, here is newes, *Apel.* is in loue with you.

Camp. It pleaseth your maiestie to say so.

Alex . Hephestion, I wil try her to. *Campaſ.* for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the vertue I see in you, I am determined you shal enioy one the other. How say you Campaspe, would you say, I?

Camp. Your handmaid must obey, if you commaund.

Alex. Think you not Hephestion that she wold faine be commaunded?

Heph. I am no thought catcher, but I gesse vnhappily.

Alex. I will not enforce mariage, where I cannot compell loue.

Camp. But your maiestie may moue a question, where

you be willing to haue a match.

Alex. Beleeue me *Hepheſtion*, theſe parties are agreed, they would haue me both prieſt and witneſſe. *Apelles*, take *Campaſpe*, why moue ye not? *Campaſpe*, take *Apelles*. wil it not be? If you be aſhamed one of the other, by my conſent you ſhal neuer come togeather. But diſſemble not *Campaſpe*, do you loue *Apelles*?

Camp. Pardon my Lord, I loue *Apelles*.

Alex. *Apelles*, it were a ſhame for you, being loued ſo openly of ſo faire a virgin, to ſay the contrary. Doe you loue *Campaſpe*?

Apel. Onely *Campaſpe*.

Alex. Two louing wormes *Hepheſtion*, I perceiue *Alexander* cannot ſubdue the affections of men, though he cõquer their countries. Loue falleth like dew, aſwel vpõ the low graſſe, as vpon the high Cæder. Sparkes haue their heate, Antes their gall, Flyes their ſplene. Well, cioy one an other, I giue her thee frãckly *Apelles*. Thou ſhalt ſee that *Alexander* maketh but a toye of loue, and leadeth affection in fetters, vſing fãcy as a foole to make him ſport, or as a minſtrell to make him mery. It is not the amorous glaũce of an eie can ſettle an idle thought in the heart, no no, it is childrens game, a life for ſeamſters and ſcholers, the one pricking in cloutes haue nothing els to thinke on, the other picking fancies out of books, haue little els to meruaile at. Go *Apelles*, take with you your *Campaſpe*, *Alexander* is cloied with looking on that, which thou wondreſt at.

Apel. Thankes to your maieſtie on bended knee, you haue honoured *Apelles*

Camp. Thankes with bowed heart, you haue bleſſed *Campaſpe*.

Exeunt.

Alex. Page, god warne *Clitus* and *Parmenio* and the other Lordes to be in a readines, let the trumpet ſound, ſtrike vp the drumme, and I will preſently into Perſia.

How

How now *Hephestion*, is *Alexander* able to resist loue as he list?

Hephe. The conquering of *Thebes* was not so honourable, as the subdueing of these thoughts.

Alex. It were a shame *Alexander* should desire to commaund the world, if he could not commaund himselfe. But come, let vs go, I wil try whether I can better beare my hand with my hart, then I could with mine eie. And good *Hephestion*, when al the world is woone, and euery countrey is thine and mine, either find me out an other to subdue, or of my word I wil fall in loue.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue at the blacke Fryers.

VVhere the Rainebowe toucheth the tree, no Caterpillers wil hang on the leaues: where the Gloworm creepeth in the night, no Addar wil goe in the day. We hope in the eares where our trauails be lodged, no carping shal harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your iudgment is resembling water, which is alwaies of the same colour into what it runneth.

In the Troiane horse lay couched soldiers with childre, and in heapes of many words we feare diuerse vnfitte, among some allowable. But as *Demosthenes* with often breathing vp the hill amended his stammering, so wee hope with sundry labours against the haire, to correcte our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossomes, the faulte is in the wind, and not in the roote, and if our pastimes be misliked, that haue bin allowed, you must impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeuour. And so wee rest in Good case if you rest well content.

The Epilogue at the Court.

VVE cannot tell whether we are fallen among *Diomedes* birds or his horſes, the one receiued ſome men with ſweet notes, the other bitte al men with ſharp teeth. But as *Homers* Gods conueied them into clouds, whom they would haue kept from curſes, and as *Venus*, leaſt *Adonis* ſhuld be pricked with the ſtings of Adders, couered his face with the winges of Swans: ſo we hope being ſhielded with your highneſſe countenaunce, wee ſhall, though heare the neighing, yet not feele the kicking of thoſe iades, and receiue, though no praiſe (which we cannot deſerue) yet a pardon, which in all humilytie we deſire. As yet we cannot tell what we ſhould tearme our labours, yron or bullyon, only it belongeth to your Maieſtie to make them fitte either for the forge or the mint, currant by the ſtampe, or counterfeit by the Anuil. For as nothing is to be called whit, vnles it had bin named white by the firſte creature, ſo can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others, vnleſſe it be chriſtened good by the iudgement of your ſelfe. For our ſelues againe, we are thoſe torches waxe, of whiche being in your highneſſe handes, you may make Doues or Vultures, Roſes or Nettles, Lawrell for a garland, or elder for a diſgrace.

FINIS.